

Seasonable Reflections.

Summer is over. Winter is rapidly approaching. The flies, benumbed with the cold, fight vigorously for a resting-place on the cheek of the gentle maiden; the mosquitoes no more present their obnoxious bills, they are settled forever; the wasps retreat from the cold air into our dwelling and are caged by the window pane; the frogs have descended into their slimy abodes and no longer arouse our miseries by their dismal croakings, and it is altogether too cold for John and Mary to stand for hours at the garden gate and make love by moonlight. In many parts of our broad land the earth is now covered with snow. Little Bessie has been up early and ran to the window—"Oh! my! the snow! the great big beautiful snow," she exclaims, clapping her hands. In five minutes she is dressed and out in it and wading about, while Towser is bounding and playing in the watery fleece. Uncle Joe rigs up his sleigh and goes to mill for that buckwheat grist, and in the morning there will be buckwheat cakes and sausage for breakfast, and, too, pumpkin pie—O! so delicious—sent as a present yesterday and made by a venerable, good lady from Yankeeland. But we must pause. There is so much to be said about the joys of winter for those whose means are abundant. For the ones who are destitute of this world's goods it is not a season of cheer, and may those more fortunate ever be ready to lend a willing hand and sympathizing heart to such. When the hour comes for bidding adieu to the pleasures and comforts of this life the anguish of the rich man will be intense, when an avenging spirit whispers in his ear, "I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat."

Do you want the Tribune Weekly?

In our October issue we intimated to our subscribers the idea that we thought somewhat of issuing our paper weekly and asked their sentiments on the subject. Responses came in the shape of many complimentary letters and expressions of intention to subscribe for the weekly, but not in such numbers as warrant us in yet saying that we will change the period of issue of the paper. We want all our soldier friends and their friends to feel as does an ex-soldier living at Sioux Falls, Dakota Territory, who writes:

"The TRIBUNE has just come to hand for the month of October, and see your article in regard to the issue of the paper weekly. I would say for one of its subscribers that I heartily endorse the project and hope that every subscriber and thousands who are not now subscribers will support you. To all I would say: Let us join, and with a true and tried friend at the Washington wheel and a large subscription and support of ex-soldiers we can have a splendid weekly paper and during the long evenings now coming on we can sit around our firesides and although we may be poor we can peruse the much interesting reading in the TRIBUNE. Fellow soldiers, let us have a circulation of one hundred thousand for the WEEKLY NATIONAL TRIBUNE."

We wait for a more general endorsement of the project ere inaugurating it. All of our friends who so much desire the weekly can pave the way for it by strengthening the monthly. Let each one, who has written to us so strongly urging a weekly edition go to work and get us a dozen subscribers to the monthly. These new subscribers will bring in others and thus the weekly may early become a reality. The whole subject may be presented in a few words: *If the ex-soldiers and their friends will to have the paper weekly, they can have it.*

Record of Union Soldiers Paroled.

LETTER FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

In answer to the letter from E. J. E., of Holly, Oakland Co., Michigan, we publish below a letter received from the War Department:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, October 12th, 1880.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE,
615 Fifteenth street n. w., City.

SIR: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st instant, and in reply to your inquiries therein to state that there was a record made of Union soldiers paroled during 1864-5, and the same is now on file in the Adjutant-General's Office.

Colonel W. Hoffman, 3d Infantry, (now retired,) was Commissary-General of Prisoners from 1862 to November, 1864, when he was assigned to duty as Commissary-General of Prisoners for the region west of the Mississippi River. His present address is "New York Hotel, New York City." Very respectfully,

H. T. CROSBY, Chief Clerk.
For the Secretary of War, in his absence.

Wheat Crop of California.

It is estimated that the wheat crop of California this year will amount to 1,000,000 tons. Estimating sixty pounds to the bushel we have here the enormous yield of over thirty-seven millions of bushels produced in a State to which flour was exported thirty years ago and when miners often paid for it \$10 per hundred pounds. Such facts as these startle the people of the old settled countries and lead them to think of the possibilities of the production of this wonderful land. By the way, we will mention that very large purchases of American wheat have recently been made on Russia's account. This is a strange condition of affairs, for until recently Russia has stood next on the list to America as a wheat exporting country.

"Give us a Rest."

The following lines, which we copy from the Boston Post, may now be appropriately sung by all Republican, Democratic, and Greenback clubs ere disbanding:

Now at last the fight is ended
Let the land with peace be blest:
Let transparencies be rended,
Give the bands a needed rest.
Take the names from flags now waving—
They have had their little day.
Are your uniforms worth saving?
Then let them be placed away.
Put the drums where none may take 'em.
Hide the torch behind the door;
See that none can find and break 'em;
Trot 'em out in '84.

Soldiers' Daughters' Home.

We extract the following from a recent English paper. Now, why can't we have just such an institution in the United States? Who will move in the matter at the coming session of Congress?

The Soldiers' Daughters' Home is an interesting British charity, twenty-five years old. More than eight hundred soldiers' daughters have been reared within its walls, and three hundred and fifty have been placed out as school-mistresses and other teachers or in domestic service. Of the girls admitted during the last year fifteen were daughters of soldiers who were killed or who died during the war in South Africa.

Our Lady Subscribers.

These are rapidly increasing, and we hope soon to have on our list many thousands. Especially should the widows of deceased soldiers subscribe. They will find the paper of much interest to themselves and children. Its cost is but a trifle per year, and all of them can afford it. Mrs. Williams, of Cramer Hill, Camden County, N. J., says of it:

I prize THE TRIBUNE very highly, and send 50 cents to renew my subscription. The clock came to hand a year ago, according to our bargain, and I am very much pleased with it. It keeps excellent time.

American Agriculturist.

Every family, without exception, in city, village, and country, will find it highly useful to constantly read the *American Agriculturist*. It abounds in plain, practical, reliable information, most valuable for in-door as well as out-door work and comfort, and its 800 or 1,000 original engravings in every volume are both pleasing and instructive. In this respect it is pre-eminent and stands alone, and it should have a place in every household, no matter how many other journals are taken. Its illustrated department for youth and children contains much information as well as amusement. Its humbug exposures are invaluable to all classes. The cost is very low, only \$1.50 from now to the end of 1881, or four copies for \$5. Single numbers 15 cents. One specimen 6 cents. Take our advice and subscribe now for volume 40 (1881.) Orange Judd Company, publishers, 245 Broadway, N. Y.

Dog against Coon.

Being in a tobacco store on Gravier street, New Orleans. Col. Boyd fell to praising his blooded dogs of the terrier and bull species. His extravagance provoked the remark from Col. A. D. Wilson, a bystander, that his colored porter owned a coon which could whip any fighting dog in the city. The talk became a dispute and the dispute grew and out of it came a wager. The fight took place at Nelligan's, once a "sporting" centre in New Orleans. The referee and combat were drawn up regularly. Boyd had a terrier named Sam. The dog weighed thirty pounds. He was a terrible thing of bone and teeth. Wilson was a veteran, with long claws and teeth and heavy fist. The bets ran: A \$1,000 to \$500 that the coon would give in ten minutes; \$1,000 to \$250 in ten minutes; \$1,000 to \$100 in one-half hour by the watch. Several buckets of water were placed in the ring for Andy's benefit. By the time all was in readiness \$50,000 had been staked on the result, and the betters were all men of position and society. A member of Congress, the sheriff and all the city officials were present. The fight was opened by a dash of the terrier. For a full minute the beasts rolled in deadly embrace over the arena and the fur flew. At the end of the first round the dog wasn't such a favorite, though he still led. Round after round was fought until forty-five minutes had been consumed. The coon with singular cunning upset the buckets of water in the saw-dust so that the dog slipped here and there. The fight ended in the complete discomfiture of the dog, which died on the following day from his wounds.

The Paper and Clock in Tennessee, Michigan, and New Jersey.

LA GRANGE, FAYETTE COUNTY, TENNESSEE,
October 13, 1880.

Editor National Tribune:

I had the honor to receive from the "City of Magnificent Distances,"—the great Capital of the Nation—the beautiful and recherche Gem Clock. It was incased substantially and arrived in good order per express. Mamma says she would not part with it for thrice its cost, and we children look on it as the prettiest ornament we have on the mantel. It has been on trial now for over nine months and keeps correct time and never gets out of order. It is the admiration of visitors and to our family is indispensable. Along with it came the TRIBUNE, which is a spicy, moral paper, and I look for its monthly visits with high expectation. It is prompt every issue. The last number for October was chock full of good things.

Your loyal little friend,

PERCY SHELTON.

ROCKFORD, KENT COUNTY, MICHIGAN,
October 16, 1880.

Editor National Tribune:

I have received regularly the NATIONAL TRIBUNE. If I were deprived of it I would feel as if I had lost a great friend, and I must not forget to speak of the beautiful little gem clock which I got with the TRIBUNE more than a year ago. It deserves all the praise claimed for it. If I could not get another I would not part with it for the best \$5 clock I ever saw. Yours truly,

H. WILCOX.

CAPE MAY, NEW JERSEY,
October 7, 1880.

Editor National Tribune:

I enclose 50 cents to renew my subscription for your paper, for I really feel as if I cannot do without it. The clock you sent me is a tip-top article and keeps excellent time. Yours truly,

B. CONOVER.

A Fighting Tar.

We have recently heard an interesting anecdote by which one can deduce a novel and adorn it into a tale, of how second thought so often prevents complications. There is a Yankee skipper from Maine, well-known as a coal trader, Captain Pitcher. He is, like most Maine men, large proportioned and muscular. Some years ago he ran the Krauz from Washington to Boston, but has been abroad since, trading between this country and the continent. As the story goes, a British troop-ship, commanded by an irritable, impetuous old officer of the Queen's "navy," was at anchor in a foreign port. Captain Pitcher's bark was being piloted in, and, through some mismanagement, fouled the jibboom of the troop-ship, doing, however, little or no damage. The old officer, in a fury of rage, howled:

"Come on board, sir."

The Yankee skipper, not exactly knowing what to do under the circumstances, pulled in his gig to the ladder to the troop-ship and mounted to the deck. He was somewhat startled when, as he stood upon it, the old officer called:

"Sentry, arrest that man."

The skipper was astonished, but quickly answered: "I am an American citizen. I am unarmed, but no man shall arrest me."

"Arrest him, sentry. Don't you hear me?" roared the captain.

The sentry advanced to seize the skipper, but was met with a left hander that would discount a pile-driver. Quickly the Yankee made for the gangway, striking down every man who interfered, leaping into his gig, and pulled off to his bark. Straight to the American Consul he went, and put his case before him. The latter said he would attend to the matter, and the next day the skipper called. The consul sat at the center of the table; to his right was the English officer, no other than Vice-Admiral Sir James Hope, K. C. B., in all the splendor of full uniform.

"Admiral Hope, Captain Pitcher," introduced the Consul.

"Captain, I am delighted to meet you," responded the Admiral. "And now let the war go on."

He spoke in the suavest manner and with the sweetest of smiles. The skipper blunly said that he thought the English officer should apologize.

"Not at all; not at all; no my dear friend. You came on board my ship, whipped the entire Queen's navy, and escaped without a scratch. Is that not sufficient satisfaction? Don't let us have any Alabama claim business; please don't ask an apology; you are too good a fellow, I know, to force it."

"Well, Admiral," began the captain, greatly mollified, "well, Admiral, I sorter guess that it's all right."

"Of course it is. We are diplomats, and I have some splendid brandy in my cabin. These are excellent cigars; we will adjourn to our brandy and cigars; and our two nations will postpone the war. If all your sailors are like you, I should prefer the war be indefinitely postponed."

A Terrible Weapon.

According to the *National Zeitung* the new Prussian gun is a repeating gun capable of firing twelve shots per twenty-four second, after which it may be used as a gun of one shot. This result has been obtained by a store-chamber holding cartridges made of sheet-iron, weighing 350 grammes, and with a capacity of eleven cartridges. This store-chamber can be removed or inserted at will, and it acts automatically when the store-chamber is opened or even when it is shut, no special movement being necessary. In opening the store-chamber a cartridge comes forward, so that it will fall into place when the store-chamber is again opened. This store-chamber can be adapted to any gun loading at the breach, if the latter be provided with a cylindrical closing; and thus repeating guns are obtained. It requires but fifteen seconds to refill the store-chamber, when it may be carried separately or at once inserted in the gun. In the latter case it is applied to the cartridge-chamber, the weight coming favorably upon the centre of gravity of the gun. The gun does not lose any of its qualities of rapid discharge by this addition. By means of this invention one can be loading while firing. It is a curious fact that the author of this murderous improvement is Mr. Loewe, a member of the Progressionist party of Prussia, and attached as such to the "League of Peace."